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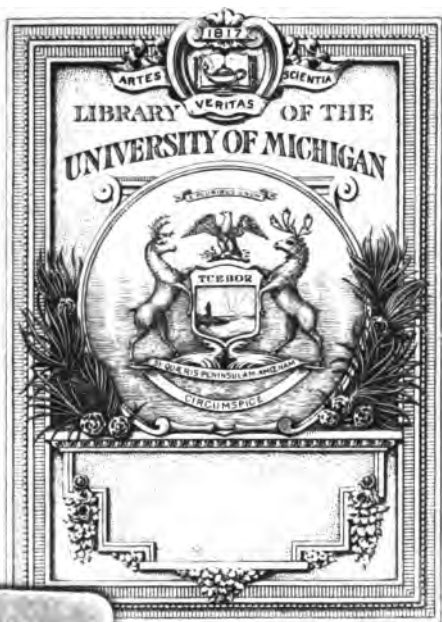
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P O E M S,
SACRED AND MORAL.

1915

1916

P O E M S,
SACRED AND MORAL.

BY

THOMAS GISBORNE, M. A.

" I would not trifle merely, though the world
" Be loudest in their praise, who do no more."

COWPER.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.

1798.

14

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY HARROBY,
THE FOLLOWING
P O E M S
ARE,
WITH GREAT RESPECT,
ESTEEM, AND REGARD,
INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

English
Hill
4-7-44
49122

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P O E M S,
SACRED AND MORAL.

CONSCIENCE.

“THERE—lie for ever there—” the Murderer said;
And prest his heel contemptuous on the dead—
“No terrors haunt the well-concerting mind!
“Vengeance my aim, thy gold I leave behind:
“Clutch’d in thy grasp be thy own knife survey’d—
“Thus—so may death self-fought thy name degrade!
“My steel, that did the deed, this lake shall hide—
“Hence—rust beneath the all-concealing tide—

“ The long descent these mounting bubbles tell—
“ Down ; down—still deeper—to the fancied Hell.
“ But why this needless care ?—The wretch unknown—
“ My garment bloodless—no man heard him groan—
“ Nor He, the fabled Monarch of the skies—”
He spoke, and fix’d on heaven his iron eyes.

No terrors haunt the well concerting mind !—
Say’st thou, when March unchains the midnight
wind ?

When the full blast, as Alp-descending Po
Whirls through the rocky freight the liquid snow,
Down the vale driving with resistless course,
Pours on thy walls its congregated force ;
When tottering chimnies bellow o’er thy head,
And the floor quakes beneath thy sleepless bed ?

No terrors haunt thee !—Say’st thou, when the storm
Bids all its horrors, each in wildest form,
From adverse winds on wings of thunder haste,
And close around thee on the naked waste :

Bids at each flash untimely night retire,
And opes and shuts the living vault of fire :
When from each bursting cloud the arrowy flame
Seems at thy central breast to point its aim ;
While crash on crash redoubles from on high,
As though the shatter'd fabric of the sky
Would rush in hideous ruin through the air,
To whelm the guilty wretch whom lightnings spare ?

No terrors haunt thee !—Lo, 'tis Winter's reign :
His broad hand, plunging in the Atlantic main,
Lifts into mountain piles the boiling deep,
And bounds with vales of death each billowy
 sleep.

Now, when thy bark, the dire ascent surpast,
Turns to the black abyfs the downward mast ;
In that dread pause, while yet the dizzy prow
Poised on the verge o'erhangs the gulph below ;
Now press thy conscious bosom, and declare
If guilt has raised no throbs of terror there.

Still art thou proof?—In sleep I see thee laid :
Dreams by the past inspired thy sleep invade.
Houseless and drear a plain expands in view :
There travels one like him thy fury flew :
Couch'd in the brake, a ruffian from his den
Starts forth, and acts thy bloody deed again :
Like thine his mien, like thine his iron stare
Fix'd in defiance on the vault of air.
Lo, as secure he quits the unplunder'd dead,
Wide-weltering seas of fire before him spread :
With frenzied step he hurries to the shore,
Shrieks, plunges headlong, and is seen no more !

Thou wak'st, and smil'st in scorn !—Has Heaven
no dart
Potent to reach that adamantine heart ?
Yes. He, whose viewless gales the forest bend,
Whose feeblest means attain the mightiest end,
Touches the secret spring that opes the cell
Where Conscience lurks, and slumbering horrors dwell.

Lo, as the wretch his careless path pursues,
Struck by his foot a rusted knife he views.
In thought the blade conceal'd from mortal eyes
Beneath the lake his troubled soul descries.
In wild dismay his clouded senses swim ;
Cold streams of terror bathe each shivering limb :
Then with new fires in every nerve he burns ;
To earth, to heaven, his flashing eyeballs turns ;
Buries with frantic hand the avenging knife
Deep in his breast, and renders life for life.

FORTITUDE.

Ir wings around the yielding town *
The victor hoist unfurl'd—
“ And shall my shame,” said Cato, “ crown
“ The conquest of the world ?

“ Unarm'd, bareheaded, on the sands
“ Shall I the tyrant meet ?
“ Shall I be dragg'd by servile hands
“ To crouch at Cæsar's feet ?

* Utica.

“ Shall I, the jest of gazing Rome,
“ Swell his triumphal pride ?
“ Be life and shame the coward’s doom——”
He grasp’d the sword, and died.

Unpitied Louis groan’d forlorn,
While murderous Hate decreed
In the broad eye of public scorn
His destined head to bleed.

Malice, afraid to lose her prey,
Watch’d o’er his forfeit breath ;
And snatch’d with jealous haste away
Each instrument of death *.

“ Unknown the temper of my soul,”
He cries, “ ye seize the knife.
“ A stronger Power than man’s control
“ For you shall guard my life.

* See Clery’s Journal de ce qui s’est passé à la Tour de Temple pendant la captivité de Louis XVI. A Londres. 1798.

- “ Let Paris, while she rears the block,
“ With exultation ring ;
“ And send her myriads forth to mock
“ Him that was once her King !
- “ O never shall this hand profane
“ The faith to God it owes.
“ Thou bid’st me, Heaven, the life retain
“ Thy will as yet bestows !”

Lo here the Fortitude compared
That Truth and Error give !
’Twas but to die the Roman dared :
The Christian dares to live.

S T A N Z A S
TO A CHURCH-BELL.

SONOROUS Brafs of changeful power,
Now whirl'd amain, now fwinging flow,
Alike prepared to hail the hour
Of hope or fear, of joy or woe !

When Sabbath-tracks to prayer invite,
Or babes acquire a Christian's name,
Or Wedlock's holy ties unite,
Thy notes the festival proclaim.

And when unbodied spirits fly,
Thy knell reveals the parting breath ;
And when the lifted bier draws nigh,
Conducts it to the vault of death.

When rebecks greet the jocund wake,
Or May-day wreaths perfume the plain ;
The labouring spire thy carols shake,
And rouse to mirth the village train.

When gleamy fires the corn-stack climb,
Or flames the finking roof invade ;
In quick alarm thy backward chime
On distant hamlets calls for aid.

When Jervis lops the flying host ;
When Howe or Duncan shouts " Destroy !"
Thy clanging peals from coast to coast
Explosive bear a people's joy.

And when to Henry's hallow'd ground *
In fable pomp shall George be borne ;
Thy muffled strokes in broken sound
Shall tell how boding nations mourn.

* Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the burying-place of the kings
of Great Britain.

Emblem of man's uncertain tongue,
That owns each varying passion's sway ;
From hope to fear, from plaint to song,
Transferr'd within one little day !

Sonorous Brass, let grief or joy,
Let sober truth or wild pretence,
Or hope or fear thy tones employ,
Alike in thee 'tis innocence.

Not so, when man's uncertain voice
Conspires to aid the foul intent,
Pursues unawed its headstrong choice,
By malice urged, on vengeance bent ;

With rage o'erwhelms, with guile betrays,
The living wounds, defames the dead,
Love with envenom'd scorn repays,
With curses loads a brother's head ;

The Power, whose nod is fate, defies,
Disdains his mercy, braves his ire,
Scoffs the bright mansions of the skies,
And Hell's blue lakes of endless fire.

O when the dead of every age,
For judgement ranged in order due,
In Accusation's open page
Each "idle word" recorded view * ;

What crowds shall with their tongues, like thee,
Had but perform'd a mimic's part ;
Had moved from conscious meaning free,
Nor told the language of the heart !

* "I say unto you, that every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Matth. chap. xii. v. 36.

THE
BIRTHDAY-EVE.

O'ER the Lake's placid bosom, for hush'd was the
night,

With its fires all unclouded the Firmament glow'd ;
And saw kindred fires dart an emulous light,
Deep sunk in their fathomless crystal abode.

No screech-owl disturb'd the repose of the wood ;

No watch-dog foreboded disquiet and harm ;

No torrent, in cataracts hurling its flood,

With Fancy's calm dreams blended noise and
alarm.

One streamlet remote, from the margin that fell,
On the ear stealing soft in low murmur complain'd :
Yet the murmur but seem'd the more clearly to tell
By a contrast so gentle the stillness that reign'd.

A sound by yon rock, nor uncheck'd nor suppress'd,
As from lips half unconscious escaping was heard ;
Then, as rapt meditation expanded the breast,
Clear, strong, and unbroken the descant recurr'd.

“ Yes, Morn, when emergent she crimson the sea,
“ And Noon, throned on high when she scorches the
“ plain,
“ And Eve, when she fades from each glimmering tree,
“ And Night, with new worlds when she spangles
“ her train ;

“ All, glorious all ! Hark, in turn they declare
“ The fount, whence the tide of resplendency flows !
“ How glorious they in their mansions of air !
“ How glorious He, who such glory bestows !

“ On the wings of the whirlwind He measures the sky,
“ Now viewless in light, now in darkness array’d ;
“ O’er Creation expands his unslumbering eye,
“ And in wisdom controls what in wisdom he made.

“ He bids the red thunderbolt sleep in its cloud,
“ While calmly it floats o’er the head of the just ;
“ But wings it with rage at the crest of the proud,
“ Brings him down, lays him low, brings him down
“ to the dust.

“ King of Kings, Lord of Lords, God of heaven
“ and earth,
“ Supreme, as in wisdom, in might and in love !
“ Thy sheltering hand overshadow’d my birth,
“ And hung o’er my childhood a shield from above.

“ When borne on the treacherous current of youth,
“ Thy love steer’d my bark, and made tranquil the
“ stream ;
“ Unfolded benignant the lamp of thy Truth,
“ And bade me, tho’ trembling, rejoice in the beam.

- “ To the bright shore of Manhood when eager I flew,
“ And with novelty charm’d the gay landscape
“ survey’d ;
“ To a lone valley pointing thy Love bade me view
“ How soft was the verdure, how peaceful the shade ;
“ Bade my feet from its confines aspire not to stray,
“ Bade me trace its pure brook, nor the streamlet
“ disdain ;
“ Bade me learn (may I learn !) from the emblem my
“ way
“ In silence to hold, yet to hold not in vain.
“ O Father ! for now from her orbit the year,
“ Ere yon fires set again, shall her speed have with-
“ drawn ;
“ And another with pinions unfurl’d her career
“ Stands prepared to begin at the peep of the dawn ;
“ O frown not, her tribute while gratitude pays,
“ And hail Thee with rapture the Lord of her doom ;
“ If Hope, still confiding, her accent should raise,
“ And plead with Thee, Father, for mercy to come !

“ Be the year now at hand as the day that is

“ past !—

“ As the Sun rose this morn in calm lustre array’d,

“ So rife the new year by no grief overcast,

“ No turbulent storm of misfortune dismay’d !

“ On the splendor of noon no obscurity stole,

“ Save the dim flitting cloud, that but temper’d

“ the ray :

“ So if Sorrow must darken the months as they

“ roll,

“ O mild be her shadows, and passing her fway !

“ As the Moonlight now slumbers on wood, hill, and

“ plain,

“ And in silence the winds and the waters repose ;

“ So may Peace shed her beams on the year in its

“ wane,

“ So bright be its evening, so tranquil its close !

C

" And when morn and eve I no longer behold,

" When days, months, and years, Lord, I number

" no more ;

" In the arms of thy mercy thy servant enfold,

" Thy Works to contemplate, thy Name to adore !"

O D E

TO THE HARP OF COWPER.

WHILE empty sounds incessant ring
From many a human lyre ;
Why, Harp of Cowper, sleeps thy string,
Touch'd with ethereal fire ?

Unchafed by yonder feeble sun,
Have vapours dank of earth
Quench'd, ere thy master's course be run,
That spark of heavenly birth ?

The spark from Heaven can never die.—

Has then the hallow'd flame,
Of mortals weary, fought the sky,
Returning whence it came?

No, never shall thou mourn the blaze
From thy vibrations fled.
Lo, still its lambent glory plays
Around thy master's head.

Seest thou forlorn thy master stand
Pierced by the shaft of pain?
Hath slow disease unnerved the hand,
That woke thy holy strain?

Yes, Pain hath bent and twang'd her bow,
And launch'd her keenest dart:
And pale disease with footstep slow
Hath mined thy master's heart.

O soon may He, whose face more bright
The clouds of woe reveal,
Recal the eye's declining light,
The wounded spirit heal !

Yet, for his hidden ways in vain
Our labouring thoughts explore ;
Perchance He wills thy holy strain
To sound on earth no more.

In sleep then unrepining lie,
If such be Heaven's decree,
Till, for the twinkling of an eye *,
Thy master sleep with thee.

A little while thy sleep prolong,
Till hence with him removed :
Then wake to raise the eternal song
Before the God he loved.

* 1 Cor. ch. xv. v. 20.

THE
DRING INDIAN:
AN ODE.

C 4

P R E F A C E.

An American Indian, when captured in war by savages of another tribe, is commonly tortured to death by fire. In that case, after previously enduring much barbarous usage, he is finally fastened to the stake; and sings, while burning, his death-song. The general tenor of the death-songs may appear by the following extracts from Carver's *Travels into the interior Parts of North America*, 2d edit. p. 337—341.

“ The prisoners destined to death are soon led to
 “ the place of execution, which is generally in the
 “ centre of the camp or village; where, being
 “ stripped, and every part of their body blackened,
 “ the skin of a crow or raven is fixed on their
 “ heads. They are then bound to a stake with

“ faggots heaped around them ; and obliged, for
“ the last time, to sing their death-song. The
“ warriors, for such it is only who commonly
“ suffer this punishment, now perform in a more
“ prolix manner this sad solemnity. They recount,
“ with an audible voice, all the brave actions they
“ have performed ; and pride themselves in the
“ number of enemies they have killed. In this
“ rehearsal they spare not even their tormentors ;
“ but strive, by every provoking tale they can in-
“ vent, to irritate and insult them.”

“ An Indian, who was under the hands of his
“ tormentors, had the audacity to tell them, that
“ they were ignorant old women, and did not know
“ how to put brave prisoners to death. He ac-
“ quainted them that he had heretofore taken some
“ of their warriors ; and instead of the trivial pu-
“ nishments they had inflicted on him, he had
“ devised for them the most excruciating torments :
“ that, having bound them to a stake, he had stuck
“ their bodies full of sharp splinters of turpentine
“ wood, to which he then set fire ; and dancing
“ around them, enjoyed the agonizing pangs of the
“ flaming victims.”—

Of another Indian, tortured to death in his presence, he speaks thus: " During this time he
" sung his warlike exploits. He recapitulated
" every stratagem he had made use of to surprise
" his enemies: he boasted of the quantity of scalps
" he possessed; and enumerated the prisoners he
" had taken. He then described the different barbarous
" methods by which he had put them to
" death; and seemed even then to receive inconceivable
" pleasure from the recital of the horrid
" tale. But he dwelt more particularly on the
" cruelties he had practised on such of the kindred
" of his present tormentors as had fallen into his
" hands: endeavouring by these aggravated insults
" to induce them to increase his torments, that he
" might be able to give greater proofs of fortitude.
" Even in the last struggles of life, when he was
" no longer able to vent in words the indignant
" provocation his tongue would have uttered, a
" smile of mingled scorn and triumph sat on his
" countenance."—

The Indian ideas of futurity are thus described.
" They doubt not but they shall exist in some future
" state. They however fancy that their employ-

“ments there will be similar to those they are
“engaged in here, without the labour and diffi-
“culty annexed to them in this period of their
“existence. They consequently expect to be trans-
“lated to a delightful country, where they shall
“always have a clear unclouded sky, and enjoy a
“perpetual spring; where the forests will abound
“with game, and the lakes with fish, which might
“be taken without requiring a painful exertion of
“skill, or a laborious pursuit.—But they expect
“that these pleasures will be proportioned and dis-
“tributed according to their merit. The skilful
“hunter, the bold and successful warrior, will be
“entitled to a greater share, than those who,
“through indolence or want of skill, cannot boast
“of any superiority over the common herd.”
(Ibid.)

THE
DYING INDIAN:
AN ODE.

I. I.

“ WHY pause before I burn ?

“ Your torments I defy !

“ Convoke your chiefs, from me to learn

“ How Mohawk Warriors die.”

Impatient torture hail'd the morn :

The stake was rear'd, the captive bound :

The smouldering faggot slowly blaz'd.

Age and youth assembled round

With taunting aspect gazed ;

While thus, retorting scorn for scorn,

The song of death he rais'd.

I. 2.

- " Pale at the sight of blood,
" Ye Women-Chiefs, go hunt some helpless prey!
" Lurk for the marten, traps for fables lay,
" Or spear the beaver plunging in the flood :
" But, Cowards, well beware
" The wolf or rugged bear !
" Vilest of the Indian name,
" Wretches, that tremble at a Mohawk's frown ;
" Unskill'd with glorious pangs to crown
" The dying Warrior's fame !

I. 3.

- " Is this your vaunted art ?
" Is this to act the Torturer's part ?
" Go, rival a Mosquito's smart !
" Your bravest chiefs of yore
" I seized : their flesh my burning pincers tore :
" Round them I wove the glowing cane :
" Red splinters pierced each hissing vein :

- “ While from my back, in bloody triumph hung,
“ Scalps of their slaughter’d brethren fwung.
“ The woods return’d their moan.
“ I watch’d the writhing limb,
“ Saw the rack’d eyeball fwim,
“ And laugh’d at every groan !

II. 1.

- “ Prepare to meet their fate.
“ See Mohawk vengeance rise !
“ Your race I doom to Mohawk hate !
“ Lo, fwift as lightning flies,
“ My fons your fculking wiles have crofs’d :
“ The wood they fcour, the fwamp, the glen :
“ I fee the fhortlived fray !
“ Wood and hill and tracklefs fen
“ Echo your wild difmay.
“ Cowards ! your fcorched bones are tofs’d
“ Of Mohawk dogs the prey.

II. 2.

- " Behind yon mountains blue,
" Clear to the valiant, to the coward's eye
" Hung, a dim vapour, in the distant sky,
" My fires the chace renew ;
" And scenes of martial deed,
" The dauntless Warrior's meed.
" There they mark your servile race
" To women's toils, the coward's doom, consign'd.
" My Sires ! I come : we mount the wind,
" And scoff at their disgrace !"

II. 3.

- He spoke, he laugh'd, he died.
" Hail, my unequall'd Son," said Pride.
" Not so ;" a voice from Heaven replied.
" Is He the truly brave,
" Victor of pain, but thine and Passion's slave ?

-
- “ His holy head see Stephen bow :
“ See meekness calm his angel brow *.
“ Around see Malice scowl, see Vengeance glare † ;
“ See Rage the murderous stones prepare ;
“ And Saul the garments keep.
“ Hark !—‘ Lord, their sin forgive !
“ My spirit, Lord, receive !—’
“ He spake, and fell asleep.”
-

* They saw his face as it had been the face of an Angel.”
Acts, ch. vi. v. 15.

† See Acts, ch. vii. v. 57, to the end.

THE
REFORMATION:
AN ODE.

I.

“ ’Tis mine, the sway from pole to pole—”

Attend! ’tis Superstition’s boast—

“ The sceptre mine that awes the soul

“ In Lapland wilds, on India’s coast.

“ Caffraria’s trembling chiefs to Me

“ And Gambian monarchs bow the servile knee.

“ My rites thy countless multitudes, Cathay,

“ And Nippon’s utmost isles obey.

- “ Before his monster-idols prone,
“ Or Lama’s never vacant throne,
“ The Tartar crouches to my rod.
“ Columbia’s savage at my nod
“ Cries to the Spirit of the midnight wood,
“ Or sooths the fancied Power that thunders in the
“ flood.

II.

- “ But chief o’er Thee, once dreaded Foe,
“ Thee, self-proclaim’d the Eternal’s Son,
“ My favourite wreaths of triumph glow ;
“ From Thee my fairest realms are won.
“ Thy harvests fill the wondering East—
“ I call my locust-armies to the feast *.
“ The living clouds from Arab deserts rise ;
“ And darkness wraps the noontide skies :
“ An Eden spreads before their face ;
“ Behind, a naked wilderness.
-

* Revelations, ch. ix. v. 1—11.

" Has aught escaped them? At my glance
 " My Euphratéan Horse advance *;
 " From plain to plain in whirlwind havoc shoot,
 " And grind with iron hoofs each desolated root.

III.

" And now the adverse clime I greet †.
 " There, central in thy new domains,
 " His throne the exiled Dragon's seat ‡,
 " Behold, my dread Vicegerent reigns !
 " Before him lo ! with rival zeal,
 " Thy captives once, ten vassal monarchs kneel ||,

* Revelations, ch. ix. v. 13, to the end.

† The Western Roman Empire ; which was not converted to Christianity until some time after the establishment of the Gospel in the Eastern Empire.

‡ " And the Dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." Revelations, ch. xiii. v. 2.

|| " And the ten kings—have one mind, and shall give their strength and power unto the beast." Revelations, ch. xvii. v. 12, 13. See also v. 17, 18.

“ Bend to his foot the gold-encircled brow,
“ And as to Heaven in homage bow.
“ Sublime his triple crown he rears ;
“ Treads in the dust his vanquish’d peers * ;
“ With irreverfible decree
“ Metes out the land, divides the fea † ;

* He is defcribed as having “ A mouth fpeaking very great things, and a look more ftout than his fellows.” Daniel, ch. vii. v. 20.

† The Papal claims to dethrone fovereigns and diftribute kingdoms are well known. The Pontiff Eugene IV. about the year 1438, iffued a Bull granting to the Portuguefe all the countries which they fhould difcover from Cape Non in Africa to the confines of India. See Robertfon’s *History of America*, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 59—61. In the year 1493, Pope Alexander VI. made a fimilar grant of America to the Spanifh monarchs. And, to prevent this grant from interfering with his predeceffor’s donation to Portugal, he drew an imaginary line along the fea from pole to pole an hundred leagues to the Weftward of the Azores ; and beftowed all to the Eaft of this line on the Portuguefe, and all to the Weft of it on the Spaniards. Ibid. p. 140.

“ Annuls thy laws, degrades thee with a nod,
 “ And in Jehovah’s fane exalts himself as God *.

IV.

“ In him my delegated sway
 “ Soon shall the farthest North adore,
 “ And Adel’s plains of orient day,
 “ And California’s evening shore;
 “ And Fuego join the firm accord,
 “ Till Earth with all her tongues proclaim him Lord.
 “ And Thou, who dar’st with Me the sceptre share—
 “ What outcry shakes the stagnant air?

* “ There shall come a falling away first, and that Man of Sin
 “ be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth
 “ himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped; *so that*
 “ *he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that He is*
 “ *God.*” 2 Theff. ch. ii. v. 4. See also Revelations, ch. xiii.
 v. 6.; and Daniel, ch. vii. v. 25.; and ch. xi. v. 36.

“ Why heaves and swells yon torpid deep ?
“ Ten thousand moons have seen it sleep !
“ Why undulates the stedfast ground ? ”—
Amazed she eyes the regions round.
Then with instinctive dread her look she bends
Where her Vicegerent's throne in hallow'd state
ascends.

V.

On seven proud hills of old renown
The imperial fortress rears its crest * :
Around unnumber'd bulwarks frown ;
And terror chills the conscious West.
A lamb, fair sign of peace and love,
Traced in the broider'd banner floats above.
But mark the walls beneath ! The emblem vain
Waves o'er the scourge, the rack, the chain,

* See Revelations, ch. xvii. v. 9 and 18.

And nameless forms of torturing power :
And still to each embattled tower,
And each tall parapet along,
Fierce bands in sable armour throng :
And oft in flames the bolt of vengeance hurl'd
Uproots opposing thrones, and awes the prostrate world.

VI.

Even now behold the signs display'd
Of roused alarm, of vengeful ire !
Volumes of smoke the pile o'ershade ;
Each roaring turret pours its fire.
For lo, the keen-eyed Guards descry
In human guise an Angel Foe draw nigh !
Still as more fierce the vollied lightning glows,
His form dilates, his stature grows.
Nor spear nor sword he deigns to wield ;
Backward he flings his radiant shield ;
Beside yon bulwark takes his stand ;
The buttress grasps with giant hand ;

Shakes, Sampson-like, the nodding towers amain,
And opes the mighty rent, that ne'er shall close again.

VII.

“ So wait, Abhorred Pile, thy fall—”
Ere yet anew he seeks the skies,
“ So nurse beneath thy ruin'd wall
“ Thy serpent brood,” the Victor cries.
“ So wait thy fall, so nurse thy brood
“ O'ergorged and drunk with Saints' and Martyrs'
blood * ;
“ Till, clos'd the number'd years by Heaven assign'd †
“ The scorers of its law to blind,
“ And prove by more than Pagan rage
“ The votaries of the sacred page ;

* “ And I saw the Woman drunken with the blood of the
“ Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus.” Rev.
ch. xvii. v. 6.

† The 1260 years specified as the term of the Papal dominion.
Revelations, ch. xi. v. 2, 3.—Ch. xii. v. 6. 14.—Ch. xiii. v. 5.
Daniel, ch. vii. v. 25 ;—ch. xii. v. 7.

" He, Lord of Angels and of Men,
 " In Thee still crucified again *,
 " Comes, robed in clouds, to vindicate His name,
 " And sink thy mouldering wrecks in everduring
 " flame †.

VIII.

" Servants of God ! far hence repair ;
 " Come forth, come forth, ere yet too late :
 " Who join her sins, her fate must share :
 " Fly, fly her sins, nor share her fate ‡ !"

* "—The great city" (Rome) " where also our Lord was crucified," figuratively, in the perversion of his religion, and the persecution of his faithful servants. So it is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews, ch. vi. v. 6.—concerning apostatising Christians ;
 " They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him
 " to open shame."

† " And her smoke rose up for ever and ever." Revelations, ch. xix. v. 3. See also ch. xvii. v. 16—18 ; and ch. xviii. v. 8, 9. 18.

‡ " Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of
 " her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. Revelations, ch. xviii. v. 4.

Germania, starting at the sound,
And Cimbrian cliffs the warning notes rebound.
Swift o'er the Codan wave the echo flies * ;
And Scania to the call replies.
Heard ye Helvetia's rising gales ?
Alps cry to Alps, and vales to vales.
Lo, Albion, on her sea-beat plain,
Claps her glad hands, and swells the strain.
O'er Caledonian hills the murmur breaks ;
And snow-clad Thule hears, and wonders as she
wakes.

IX.

Where'er the warning notes are spread,
The carved faints, the graven stones,
And shaggy cloaks of Hermits dead,
And fabled martyrs' crumbling bones,

* Codan Wave. Sinus Codanus, the Baltic Sea, dividing Cimbria, or Denmark, from the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia, comprehending Sweden and Norway.

And venal passports to the sky
Flung to the moles and bats dishonour'd lie.
There lie the tools of sanctimonious guile *,
By Priestcraft form'd his spells to pile
And dupe the crowd that gazed from far.
And hark, the cloister-doors unbar !
The imprisoned victims hurry forth :
Lo pale-eyed beauty, letter'd worth,
To Heaven their raptures lift in grateful strife ;
And drink anew the gales of liberty and life.

X

No more obscured in barbarous tone
The altar hears the mystic rite :
No more shall Prayer with tongue unknown
The vainly listening ear invite.
As when around each favor'd head
Inspiring beams the fiery emblem shed † ;

* Instruments of pretended miracles.

† Acts, ch. 2.

Even now from lands, by Ocean's roaring tide
 And shadowy mountains parted wide *,
 The voice of Praise proclaims aloud
 In native sounds the works of God.
 Lo Truth, escaped from Error's den,
 Her hallow'd fount unseals again †.
 From realm to realm the sacred currents haste,
 And heal with freshening dews the long neglected
 waste.

XI.

"Prepare the stake, the pile uprear—"
 The triple-crowned Tyrant cries.
 The Fiends of Persecution hear :
 A lurid gleam o'er Europe flies.

* ——— μάλα πολλά μίλαξυ·

Ουρία τι σκιοενία, θαλασσα τι ηχησσα.

HOM.

† At the Reformation the Scriptures were translated into various modern languages for general use.

Hark, ceaseless hammers forge the chain ;
And crowded dungeons are enlarged in vain.
Behold unripen'd youth and nerveless age
And female weakness mock their rage !
See holy Wishart climb the pyre,
Nor shrink though Beaton watch the fire :
See mitred Ridley, bold in death,
And dauntless Hooper gasp for breath :
See Latimer augment the glorious band ;
And Cranmer eye serene the firm repentant hand !

XII.

'Tis past, 'tis past, the storm of blood !
Again from yon meridian height
Lo Truth renews the golden flood,
And shouting nations hail the light :
Earnest of those triumphant days
By Seers foretold, by Bards in heaven-taught lays
Invoked, when circling earth from pole to pole
The sea of righteousness shall roll

The cleansing wave to every shore :
When Salem, raised to fall no more,
As orphans clasp a parent's urn,
For Him her children pierced shall mourn * :
One common name bid Jew and Gentile cease ;
And Christ be Lord of All in universal peace.

* See Zech. ch. xii. v. 10.

O D E
FROM THE
TENTH CHAPTER
OF THE
PROPHECY OF ISAIAH.

2

FROM various passages in the Old Testament it appears to have been, on several occasions, the plan of Providence, under the Jewish Dispensation, to employ nations eminent for tyranny and wickedness as instruments for the merited chastisement of other nations, perhaps less guilty than the inflictors of their punishment. When the purpose was accomplished, the ministers of vengeance received in their turn the due reward of their crimes. A memorable proceeding of this nature is recorded in the Tenth Chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah. They, who have contemplated with seriousness the course of the events which have taken place during the last few years in Europe, may see no improbability in the conclusion, that a similar plan in the Divine administration of the Universe is developing at present.

O D E

From the Tenth Chapter of the Prophecy of ISAIAH,
Verse 5—19.

I. 1.

- ‘SCOURGE of my wrath ! my rebel tribes o’erawe—’
Hear, Earth and Heaven ! Jehovah’s word.
‘Avenger of my flighted Law,
‘Assyrian, rise ! Away, away ;
‘Chafe the victims, seize the prey :
‘Crush the dissembling race that calls me Lord,
‘As grind thy chariot-wheels the unresisting clay.’
-

REFERENCES.

1st Strophe—Isaiah, ch. x. v. 5. O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation ! 6. I will send him against an hypocritical nation, and against the people, of my wrath will I give him a charge, to take the spoil and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire in the streets.

I. 2.

- ‘ He hastes : but not to vindicate My Name.
 ‘ Not such the purpose of his heart.
 ‘ On conquest bent, athirst for fame,
 ‘ O’er prostrate earth he shakes the dart.
 “ Are not my chieftains Kings ?” he cries :
 “ As Calno fell, lo Hamath lies !
 “ Where now Carchemia’s idol-shrine ?
 “ Prone in the dust Samaria fights :
 “ And boding Salem shrieks, ‘ My sister’s fate is
 ‘ mine !’

REFERENCES.

1st Antistrophe, v. 7.—Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so: but it is in his heart to destroy, and cut off nations not a few. 8. For he saith, “ Are not my princes
 “ altogether Kings ? 9. Is not Calno as Carchemish ; is not Hamath as Arpad ; is not Samaria as Damascus ? 10. As my
 “ hand hath found the kingdoms of the idols, and whose graven
 “ images did excel them of Jerusalem and Samaria ; 11. shall
 “ I not, as I have done to Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and her idols ?”

I. 3.

- ‘ Learn, Son of Pride, learn from my lips thy doom !
- ‘ Ere long in Sion’s fate
- ‘ Thy ministry of Vengeance fills its date.
- ‘ Then to yon expecting tomb
- ‘ Thy banner’d pomp, thy long array,
- ‘ Thy harden’d heart, thy boastful eye descend :
- ‘ And o’er thy glittering dreams of boundless
‘ fway
- ‘ Their shadows Night and Scorn extend.

REFERENCES.

1st Epode, v. 12. Wherefore it shall come to pass, that, when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jerusalem ; I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the King of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks.

II. 1.

- “ I hear thy vaunt—“ My wisdom plann’d the
“ deed,
“ Mine arm atchieved : be mine the praise.
“ I frown’d ; affrighted realms recede :
“ My hand their treasured nest on high
“ Reach’d : as eggs the shepherd-boy
“ Sweeps up, I swept the earth : none dared to
raise
“ The wing, nor ope the beak, nor roll the exploring
“ eye.”
-

REFERENCES.

2d Strophe, v. 13. For he saith, “ By the strength of my
“ hand I have done it ; and by my wisdom ; for I am prudent :
“ and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed
“ their treasures : and I have put down the inhabitants like a
“ valiant man. 14. And my hand has found as a nest the
“ riches of the people : and as one gathereth eggs that are left,
“ have I gathered all the earth : and there was none that moved
“ the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped.”

II. 2.

- ‘ How shall the axe o’er Hermon’s piny shade,
‘ Scorning the hewer’s arm, prevail ?
‘ The saw, without its master’s aid,
‘ The pomp of Lebanon assail ?
‘ Say’st Thou, “ Untired with whirlwind pace
“ By native strength my foes I chase ? ”
‘ Proud Fool ! My breath supplies thy force :
‘ My scourge incites thee to the race :
‘ My curb is in thy jaws, and guides thy frantic
‘ course.
-

REFERENCES.

2d Antistrophe, v. 15. Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith ? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it ? as if the rod should shake itself against them that lifted it up : or as if the staff should lift up itself, as if it were no wood.

The concluding image of the Antistrophe is borrowed from Isaiah, ch. xxxvii. v. 29, in which chapter the completion of the present prophecy is recorded. See Bishop Lowth’s Notes on both chapters.

II. 3.

- ‘ On Thee, on thine, I vindicate My Name.
 ‘ See my red Vengeance hurl’d!
 ‘ Prince, people, fall : as when the Sylvan world
 ‘ Shuddering views the ethereal flame.
 ‘ The low-spread thorn, the cedar’s height,
 ‘ The huge oak sinks beneath the burning flood.
 ‘ Ranging the scorched realms, a child may write
 ‘ The scatter’d reliques of the wood.’

REFERENCES.

2d Epode, v. 16. Therefore shall the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, send among his fat ones leanness; and under his glory he shall kindle a burning like the burning of a fire. 17. And the Light of Israel shall be for a fire, and his Holy One for a flame; and it shall burn and devour his thorns and his briers in one day: 18. and shall consume the glory of his forest and of his fruitful field, both soul and body; and they shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth. 19. And the rest of the trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may write them.

CONSOLATION:

A

LYRIC POEM.

ARGUMENT.

The purport of the following Poem is to compare Christianity with the three leading systems of Antient Philosophy, namely, the system of Pyrrho, that of Epicurus, and that of Zeno, as to influence on human happiness.—After some description preparatory to the introduction of the subject, the characteristical tenets and the practical effects of each of these philosophical systems are illustrated.—Those of the Christian Religion are afterwards exemplified and appretiated in a similar manner.

CONSOLATION:

A

LYRIC POEM.

I.

THE pausing tide scarce broke in foam :
High on the cavern'd rock I stood ;
And view'd the quivering sunbeams roam
In boundless radiance o'er the flood,
Beneath each isle, each headland gray,
Unmoved the inverted picture lay.
Hung in bright haze the distant mountains glow'd ;
Earth, sea, heaven smiled : my heart with joy
o'erflow'd.

II.

Short was the joy. With eddy'ing haste
Dun clouds combined their lengthening train.
The blast in lurid purple traced
Its course athwart the roughen'd main.
Wave after wave with deepening roar
Plunged headlong on the sadden'd shore.
Sea-mews with screams the rising tempest hail'd :
Earth, ocean, heaven portentous darkness veil'd.

III.

“ O fickle charms of Nature's form,
“ Fading while yet we gaze,” I cried ;
“ O turns of sunshine and of storm,
“ Too well ye paint life's changeful tide !
“ What though with transitory gleam
“ Health, Peace, Content, and Rapture beam ?
“ Hovering full soon o'er man's devoted head,
“ Disease and woe their raven wings outspread.

IV.

- “ Sages ! inured the arms to wield
 “ Made proof by Wisdom’s mystic spell,
 “ Stand forth with philosophic shield
 “ The shaft of sorrow to repel.
 “ Or teach, if human skill in vain
 “ Toil to avert the stroke of pain,
 “ At least to cool the wound, and draw the dart
 “ Wrapt in the bleeding fibres of the heart !”

V.

Mournful I spoke. A rushing sound,
 As Beings more than mortal past,
 (I heard and shudder’d,) swept the ground :
 An eager glance around I cast.
 Fled was the scene ; nor low’ring sky
 Nor darken’d ocean met mine eye :
 The Sun was throned in renovated might,
 And seem’d on classic realms to pour the light.

VI.

A city *, form'd for sovereign sway,
 Sublime upon a rock appear'd :
 Her marble domes in close array
 Climbing the rugged steep's she rear'd ;
 Hid with gay roofs the circling plain ;
 Stretch'd her long arms to reach the main ;
 Saw at each mole the baffled surge decrease,
 And bade her anchor'd navies float in peace.

* Athens, originally denominated Cecropia from its founder Cecrops, was built on a high rock situated on a large plain near the middle of Attica. The citadel, in the centre of which was the vast Temple of Minerva, constructed wholly with Parian marble and still subsisting, occupied the summit. In process of time the whole plain was covered with buildings. The city was joined to the harbour of Piræus by the walls called *Μακρά Τείχη*, the Long Walls, being about five miles in length; whence they are styled by Propertius, " Long Arms."

Inde ubi Piræei capient me littora portus,

Scandam ego Theseæ brachia longa viæ.

Lib. iii. Eleg.

The road from the harbour was named *Ὀδὸς Θησεῖα*, the Road of Theseus.—See Potter's *Antiquities of Greece*, 3d edit. vol. i. ch. 8.

VII.

Its triple tier a rampart tall

Around the craggy fummit led :

Long gleams of radiance crown'd the wall

From shield and lance and helmed head.

On the sharp peak, to grace the shrine

Rear'd to the guardian Power divine,

A fane's majestic pile, o'er bulwarks raised

And towers' proud heads, with Parian lustre blazed.

VIII.

" Cecropia calls thee ; Mortal, rise :"

From lips unseen the accents flow'd :

" Cecropia, tutress of the wife,

" To blest Philosophy's abode

" Bids all her fages guide thy way,

" And cheer thy soul with mental day."

I heard: in thought I scorn'd the frowns of fate,

And rush'd impatient to the expanded gate.

IX.

I past. With heaven-aspiring head
A splendid pile before me rose.
Its valves the open portal spread :
Above, more bright than Thracian snows *,
A Goddess sat. Beneath her throne
In bold relief the sculptured stone
Proclaim'd ; " Approach, and learn, ingenuous Youth,
" The path of Wisdom from the lips of Truth."

X.

Sounds, as though tongues innumerable vied
A theme of choral praise to swell,
Broke from within : in airy tide
On my charm'd sense the murmur fell ;
Then ceased. I enter'd. High uprear'd
In marble pomp a bust appear'd.

* Among the Grecians, Truth was represented as a Goddess clothed in white robes.

Deep on its base engraved a mystic line
 Bade Pyrrho's name in golden lustre shine.

XI.

Sages, in spotless white array'd,
 In long procession moved around.
 The foot, by conscious awe dismay'd,
 Scarce dared to press the hallow'd ground.
 Each, as the chisell'd form he past,
 A glance of homage upward cast;
 His hands submissive on his bosom spread;
 In silence paused, and bow'd his reverent head*.

XII.

At once in wide-extended ring
 The listening band collected stood:
 Stillness aloft on moveless wing
 Hung poised, and hush'd the ærial flood.

* From the present stanza to the nineteenth inclusive, the leading tenets of the Pyrrhonic Philosophers are under consideration.

With heaving breast and eyes entranced

From the dense orb a Sage advanced :

“ Hail, festive day !” with raptured voice he cried ;

“ Hail, festive day !” the echoing dome replied :

XIII.

“ Hail, festive day ! to Wisdom dear,

“ Hail to thy long expected beams !

“ Best offspring of the rolling year,

“ Again thy noontide glory streams !

“ Hail ! for thou first, in mute delight

“ Stooping from thy meridian height,

“ Heard’st Pyrrho’s tongue the path of bliss explore,

“ And these exulting walls return the lore.

XIV.

“ Yes, mighty Sage, in circling band

“ Whom now we greet with wonted rite,

“ This day beheld thy potent hand

“ Now streams from Wisdom’s fount invite.

“ Lo ! from these walls the current glides ;
“ Now rolls through Greece its swelling tides ;
“ Views parched nations bending o’er the brink,
“ And kindling life glow brighter as they drink.

XV.

“ As travellers lost in midnight snows
“ When mortals roam’d, no succour nigh ;
“ Thou bad’st Philosophy disclose
“ Her radiance to the mental eye :
“ Not burst in floods of cloudless light *,
“ With dazzling glare to scorch the sight ;
“ But, veil’d in haze, with mitigated power
“ Shed the mild glimmerings of the twilight
“ hour.

* In allusion to the characteristical principle of the Pyrrhonic school, which was, to consider every thing as a matter of doubt and uncertainty.

XVI.

- “ By thee the freeborn soul disdains
“ From System’s mine base drops to heave ;
“ By thee exalted breaks the chains,
“ That stern Conviction loves to weave.
“ Why seek mysterious depths to know ?
“ Knowledge is certainty of woe !
“ Rule Gods, or Fate, or Chance ? Inflamed with bile
“ Let fools decide—Thou bid’st us doubt, and smile.

XVII.

- “ No rigid lore our peace annoys ;
“ Presiding Doubt each maxim weighs :
“ And still in fluctuating poise
“ The ever-trembling balance plays.
“ Brethren, again this day revere,
“ Best offspring of the rolling year ;
“ Through all her towers till Athens wake the song,
“ And Sunium’s echoing cliffs the strain prolong * !”

* Sunium, a promontory of Attica.

XVIII.

The strain unnumber'd voices swell'd :

“ Hail to the day, whose beamy eye

“ Thy hand, illustrious Sage, beheld

“ New streams from Wisdom's fount supply !

“ Teacher of Placid Doubt——” I fled

In sorrow forth ; each hope was dead :

My heart within me sunk, as o'er the main

Sad Icarus flapp'd his drooping wing in vain.

XIX.

“ Is it for this thy form,” I cried,

“ Yon portal crowns, degraded Truth ?

“ To Doubt's black cavern dost thou guide

“ The step of inexperienced Youth ?

“ Better to drain from Error's bowl

“ The draught that stupifies the soul ;

“ Than with strain'd eyes on Doubt's pale phantoms
gaze,

“ And hopeless tread the inextricable maze !

XX.

" Powers of the sky—for chance or fate
" Prescribed not earth's well-order'd course,
" Nor throned the Sun's imperial state,
" Nor wing'd with flame the Comet's force——
" Powers of the sky, with pitying aid
" Befriend the world your fiat made !
" O cheer the comfortless, O guide the blind ;
" Dispel the gloom that clouds the wilder'd mind."

XXI.

A Sage * appear'd : I mark'd his hand
Uplifted, his preceptive mien ;
Mark'd, as he spoke, a youthful band
Forward in dumb attention lean.
Roses entwined with myrtle spray
In fragrant piles before him lay.

* One of the Epicurean sect of Philosophers. The present stanza and those that follow, to the thirtieth inclusive, are intended to characterise the system of that sect.

Aloft, the goblet shone, the sculptured lyre ;
And torches hung their emblematic fire.

XXII.

“ O ye,” he cried, “ whose vernal bloom
“ Foretells the golden fruits of joy,
“ O let not care with chilling gloom
“ And blighting storm your hopes destroy !
“ Bid festive dance and choral song
“ From year to year your blifs prolong ;
“ Bid laughter-breathing Mirth dilate the soul,
“ Point the gay jest, and ply the enlivening bowl.

XXIII.

“ So live the Gods. On seas of blifs
“ Reclined, they sip each passing wave ;
“ Leave fate to rule the sphere, nor miss
“ The stars that to their destined grave
“ Sink from their shuddering orbits hurl'd,
“ Nor mark the crash that shakes the world.

- " Hence, Trouble, to the winds ! Bleft youths, be wise ;
" Bring down to earth the raptures of the skies !

XXIV.

- " Nor cease, when Time with snow shall spread
" Your locks, in Pleasure's paths to stray.
" Behold, Cithæron's * icy head
" Relents before the fervid ray !
" Let genial mirth each pang assuage :
" Cheer we with flowers the snow of age !"
He spoke, and with a wreath his temples crown'd ;
Then on each youthful brow a chaplet bound.

XXV.

Instant in visionary scene
Pleasure's bright mansions met my view :
From joy to joy, no pause between,
The maddening crowd unfated flew.

* A high mountain on the confines of Attica.

If chance, his gray head bending low,
Some beggar urged his tale of woe ;
Swifter they pass, and with averted eye,
Smote the loud harp, and drown'd the unwelcome cry.

XXVI.

The feast was spread ; the spicy wine
With gleaming blush the silver dyed :
Here Wit with flowers his darts would twine :
His ruder shafts there Humour plied ;
From rank to rank he bade them roam :
Convulsive laughter shook the dome.
Here lyre and voice in rapturous conflict strove :
There the brisk dance its changeful mazes wove.

XXVII.

Yet soon repeated pleasure cloy'd :
The ear scarce heard the jocund strain :
The dance was toil no more enjoy'd :
The spicy goblet breathed in vain

Its odours : on the palled tongue
Lingering the tasteless morsel hung :
The heartless smile betray'd its mimic air ;
And languor sicken'd in the vacant stare.

XXVIII.

Foul passions oft would strip the veil ;
Their sway the alter'd look proclaim'd :
Here, hollow cheeks with envy pale ;
There, eyes with hate and rage inflamed.
With savage shout and uproar wild
Discord the banquet oft embroil'd.
Guest frown'd on guest, with hostile arms opposed :
And wounds and groans the frantic orgies closed.

XXIX.

Oft would some wretch with tiger's glare
In murderous ambush take his stand :
The setting Sun discern'd the snare ;
The Moon beheld his blood-stain'd hand.

Then farewell joy in song or feast !
Ideal horrors rack his breast :
The lyre's gay voice ideal shrieks control ;
And fancied poisons mantle in the bowl.

XXX.

Triumphant o'er the sensual race,
Disease ere long her woes combined ;
The bloated form, the ghastly face,
The palsied limb, the enervate mind.
Each on his couch of anguish laid,
On Death they call'd for instant aid :
Then shriek'd in terror, when advancing near
The Phantom scowl'd, and shook his lifted spear.

XXXI.

" Avaunt, vain joys !" I cried, " avaunt !
" With Siren face and Scorpion sting ;
" Powerless to quell the cares that haunt
" Man's happiest hours, life's bloomy spring ;

“ Powerless to stay the approach of Age——”
With scornful voice abrupt a Sage
Raised in his Portico * my plaint reproved :
Its marble gloom grew deeper as he moved.

XXXII.

“ Would’st thou defy the shaft of Pain,
“ And mental peace unbroken know ?
“ Thy bosom arm with stern disdain
“ Of human joy, of human woe.
“ Behold that Youth : my lips his breast
“ Betimes with Wisdom’s lore imprest.
“ His steps attend : and own this truth reveal’d ;
“ Fate wars in vain when Wisdom takes the
“ field.”

* From this place to the end of the forty-fourth Stanza the system of the Stoics is meant to be characterised.

XXXIII.

Glad I obey'd. Ere long we view'd
 A scene of bliss domestic rife.
 Their Sire an infant train pursued
 Disporting ; and with sparkling eyes
 Look'd up, while round his knees they clung,
 Or on his vest in rapture hung.
 Their sports a female form with smiles survey'd ;
 A wife's, a mother's love each smile betray'd.

XXXIV.

My heart dilated at the sight.
 I turn'd with eager glance to trace
 Congenial ardour of delight
 Flushing my youthful guardian's face.
 In vain ; no sympathetic glow
 Relax'd the rigour of his brow.
 " Be Wisdom thine : let Folly fools employ—"
 He spoke, and frown'd contemptuous on their joy.

XXXV.

Soon a dire change that joy dispell'd.

The Sire with agonising start
Shook : each distorted muscle swell'd ;

With pangs convulsive throb'd his heart.
He fell. I mark'd each blacken'd vein,
I mark'd each labouring eye-ball strain.
With outspread arms he lay, and gasp'd for breath :
His chill brow glisten'd with the damps of death.

XXXVI.

The widow's shriek, as prone she bow'd

O'er the deaf corse in frantic woe,
The orphans' wail, the flocking crowd,

The sad procession parting flow,
Changed they, stern Youth, thy mien severe ?
Forced they one sigh, one pitying tear ?——
With steady gaze he view'd the mournful throng ;
Scorn'd their vain grief, and careless stalk'd along.

XXXVII.

Reluctant I pursued his course ;
A Hand unseen my step constrain'd.
A plain we cross'd by ruthless force
Of war with recent slaughter stain'd.
There senseless many a Warrior lay,
Or breathed in groans his soul away :
While ravening fowl hung poised aloft in air ;
And scream'd, and call'd their broods the feast to
share *.

XXXVIII.

Unmoved he eyed the stagnant gore,
Heard the long groan, the parting sigh.
Its living prey the vulture tore,
Nor paused : he pass'd unheeding by
O'er piles of slain. Beneath his tread
The hollow bosom of the dead

* " And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast."

MASON.

Creak'd horrid * : my blood curdled at the sound.
Again each spouting gash distain'd the ground.

XXXIX.

Sudden in long succession past
With wounds unclosed a captive train :
Their sinewy arms, now backward cast,
Shook, as they moved, the clanking chain.
From row to row, from man to man,
The links in firm connection ran.
With aspect stern the guards and lifted spear
Frown'd in the front, and menaced in the rear.

XL.

A captive, bow'd by lengthen'd days,
With tottering steps apart was driven.
He mark'd us ; with impassion'd gaze
The Youth he view'd—" Yes, bounteous Heaven !

* — Infixum *fridet* sub pectore vulnus. . VIRG.

- “ ’Tis he,” he cried in accent wild,
 “ Yes, ’tis himself, my child, my child !
 “ Now am I freed ; the Gods my joys inspire !
 “ ’Thou, Thou, my Son, art sent to save thy Sire.

XLI.

- “ No foe was I : by chance or fate
 “ Opprest, in bonds thou seest me led—
 “ Lo, thy reply the victors wait—
 “ Small price redeems the hoary head :
 “ They note my limbs unfit for toil,
 “ And scarce detain their usefess spoil.—
 “ Mercy, my child ! Bid thy freed Sire depart ;
 “ And calm thy aged Mother’s bursting heart !”

XLII.

- “ Old man,” the obdurate Youth rejoin’d,
 “ Think’st thou with worse than woman’s moan
 “ And holy faws to shake the mind,
 “ That Wisdom arms, and stamps her own ?

- " She bids my stedfast heart disdain
" Thy coward soul that shrinks from pain.
" He is the slave who knows not ills to bear.
" Go, drag the chain thou well deserv'ft to wear."

XLIII.

- In every joint with fiercest ire
I shook—" O wretch, to brute debased,
" Tiger in human shape, more dire
" Than ever prowld on Indian waste !
" Perish the lore, from Stygian den
" By fiends and furies taught to men ;
" Lore in the depths of Erebus abhorr'd ;
" For fiends aid fiends, and own their gloomy Lord :

XLIV.

- " The lore that bids relentless Pride
" Usurp degraded Reason's throne ;
" Bids Man the frown of Heaven deride,
" Not count another's weal his own ;

" Proscribes each sympathetic fear ;
 " Dries in its source the pitying tear ;
 " Forbids the child to act a filial part,
 " And turns to adamant the blasted heart."

XLV.

A burst of thunder rent the skies ;
 Then all was hush'd. A solemn voice
 Sounded—" Enough of treacherous lies,
 " Wisdom misnamed, hath sought thy choice.
 " Learn then the yet unfathom'd cause,
 " Whence life perennial comfort draws,
 " The tear of joy from Misery's eyelid breaks,
 " And Sorrow's bosom triumphs while it aches."

XLVI.

Mine eyes I rais'd : a dungeon frown'd ;
 Green damps the mildew'd wall had stain'd :

Shewn by pale lights that gleam'd around,
 Two mangled forms * to earth were chain'd.
 Beneath their blood-entangled hair
 Dark crusts o'erspread their shoulders bare,
 Where from new stripes the fanguine stream had flow'd;
 And each torn limb with festering anguish glow'd.

XLVII.

Yet on their brow no sadness lours;
 Their breasts with transport seem to swell:
 Hark! from their lips what rapture pours!
 Ecstatic praises shake the cell.

* “ They drew Paul and Silas into the market-place unto the
 “ Rulers;—and rent off their clothes, and laid many stripes upon
 “ them; and thrust them into the inner prison, and made their
 “ feet fast in the stocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed,
 “ and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them.” Acts,
 ch. xvi. v. 19, &c. The state in which they were thus confined
 may be collected from a subsequent verse of the same chapter; in
 which it is related that afterwards the jailor “ took them, and
 “ washed their stripes.” V. 33.

Echo, long stunn'd with Sorrow's moan,
Starts as she hears the song unknown ;
Bids through each vault the pealing joy rebound :
And Night and Misery wonder at the sound.

XLVIII.

'Twas past. In alter'd garb array'd
Grief to my gaze her visions spread ;
The glare of funeral lamps display'd,
The sable throng, the uplifted dead.
The parent, while that death-bell's toll
Smites from yon tower her inmost foul,
Groans at each stroke, as o'er the corse she bends ;
And Sorrow's flood in larger stream descends.

XLIX.

In youth's gay prime her darling died :
To Nature true the parent grieves.
But lo ! even now her pangs subside ;
Now less and less her bosom heaves.

Hope's kindling dawn her cheeks disclose ;
 Refign'd she stills her plaintive woes ;
 Unclasps her hands, the gushing sorrow dries,
 And kneels, and points exulting to the skies.

L.

The scene was changed.—Bellowing with rage
 Plebeian crowds athirst for blood,
 Prince, Consul, Senatorian age,
 Circling a vast arena stood.
 There *, flung to ravening beasts a prey,
 Still gasping many a sufferer lay ;

* To be thrown to wild beasts in the arena of the Circus as a spectacle to the people, is well known to have been one of the early modes of Christian martyrdom. To be wrapt in vestments overspread with pitch, and thus burned, was another mode. "Pereuntibus
 "addita ludibria, ut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque, ubi
 "defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur." Tacitus, Annal. lib. xv. To this barbarous spectacle Juvenal appears to allude in the following lines :

———— tædâ lucebis in illâ
 Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant ;
 Et latum mediâ sulcum deducit arenâ. Sat. i. l. 155.

Or, smear'd with pitch, on sulphurous piles was raised,
And vengeful myriads shouted as he blazed.

L.I.

Three victims from a platform's height
Witness the pangs they soon must share.
Their eyes with holy ardour bright
To heaven they lift in secret prayer :
A Power by Faith beheld adore ;
Hear unappall'd yon monster's roar ;
Unmoved behold yon myriad hands conspire,
To rear the mighty pyramid of fire.

L.II.

Fate calls them next. The unprison'd beast
Bounding impatient o'er the sand
Calm they await ; the pitchy vest
They clasp with unreluctant hand :

Which passage the Scholiast thus explains : " Nero maleficos homines
" tædâ & papyro & cerâ supervestiebat, & sic ad ignem admoveri
" jubebat." Martial also speaks of the " tunica molesta," in
which the Christian was burnt, " Matutinâ spectatus arenâ."

Nor quake, nor shrink, nor breathe a sigh,
Nor turn aside the stedfast eye,
When crouching to his spring the tiger glares,
Or death's red torch the approaching Lictor bears.

LIII.

Again the echoing vault of Heaven
With thunder shakes ; the western fun
Glow ; to the darkening zenith driven
The clouds his arrowy fervour shun.
Behold, their central depths divide !
Bright chinks foretel the golden tide *.
It comes ! a flood of glory bursts its way,
And pours a blaze of more than mortal day,

LIV.

Lo, Angel hosts, whose lucid train
Seems half absorb'd to melt in light,
Orb within orb, a Cross sustain,
A Cross than Angel Hosts more bright.

* Aurea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbo.

VIRG.

Pourtray'd in characters of flame
 Aloft it bears a mystic Name.
 Beneath is sculptured ; " Overcome by This * :
 " Lo, here the sign of conquest and of bliss.

LV.

" Lo, here the sign," a Seraph cries—
 Cherubic legions catch the sound :
 Loud as when polar billows rise
 In storms, to ether's utmost bound
 The Hosanna rolls :—" Lo, here the sign
 " Of rescued man, of Love divine,
 " Of human crimes by guiltless blood effaced,
 " And Eden raised from earth's degenerate waste."

LVI.

" By This with praise mid festering smart
 " The captives shook the midnight cell :

* In allusion to the inscription on the Cross reported to have appeared to Constantine : " *Εν τούτω νικά.*"

- “ By This, the childless parent’s heart
“ With throbs of woe forgot to swell.
“ By This, from earth-born fears released,
“ The Martyr on the infuriate beast
“ And men more savage fix’d the dauntless eye,
“ Or rose in flames triumphant to the sky.

LVII.

- “ Mortal ! whose breast in hopeless fear
“ Pants with the quivering shaft of Sin ;
“ While the flush’d cheek, the starting tear,
“ Confess the wound that burns within :
“ Lo, here the sign that heals Despair ;
“ On wings of penitence and prayer
“ Bids the soul rise to Jesus strong to save,
“ Bids Youth immortal trample on the grave.

LVIII.

- “ Mortal ! on Life’s rude Ocean tost,
“ By whirlwinds driven, by storms oppress’d,
“ Shatter’d thy bark, thy compass lost,
“ Lo, here the sign of endless rest :

-
- “ Rest that no troublous dreams annoy ;
“ Rest bathed in living floods of joy ;
“ Rest freed from pangs Probation’s child must share ;
“ Rest crown’d with wreaths the Sons of God shall
“ wear !

LIX.

- “ Though Grief her shadowy curtain spreads,
“ And dims thy short terrestrial day :
“ The Cross its holy lustre sheds ;
“ Each fancied horror melts away.
“ Erewhile in Sorrow’s garb conceal’d,
“ The secret blessing stands reveal’d ;
“ Bears fruits of comfort from the Eternal’s throne,
“ And tells of brighter in a world unknown.

LX.

- “ What though yon cloud, while earth and heaven
“ The Sun’s descending fires illumine,
“ Athwart the glowing brow of even
“ Obtrude its inharmonious gloom ?

- “ Even now it owns the potent blaze ;
“ Even now 'tis edged with golden rays :
“ The kindling mass resigns its murky dye,
“ And adds new glories to the splendid sky.”

THE
D U E L L I S T:
AN ELEGY.

THE
D U E L L I S T :

AN
E L E G Y.

-
- ‘STRANGER! who sleeps in yonder nameless grave?
‘ I saw thee pause and linger o’er the tomb,
‘ Where to the gale those thorns their branches wave,
‘ And Evening deepens in that yew-tree’s gloom.’
- ‘ There sleeps my friend,’ the pensive stranger cried:
‘ O’er the blank stone have twenty winters past:
‘ Yet, as the gale amid that yew-tree sigh’d,
‘ Methought again I heard him breathe his last.

H

- ‘ Yes ! for I saw the last convulsive start,
‘ That spoke the struggle closed of Life and
‘ Death :
- ‘ Felt the last pulse that trembled from his heart ;
‘ And heard the sigh that told his parting breath.
- ‘ Fix’d in his breast the adverse weapon stood—’
‘ Stranger ! Where died he in his country’s
‘ cause ?
- ‘ Blest be the man, whose pure and generous blood
‘ Flows for his country’s liberty and laws !’
- ‘ O why the grief of other days recall ?
‘ Alas ! he died not for his country’s sake.
- ‘ Wielding unhallow’d arms ’twas his to fall :
‘ ’Twas his in death his country’s laws to break.
- ‘ One word, one careless word, escaped his tongue ;
‘ One careless word, from guile, from anger free.
- ‘ Blood, blood must cleanse the unsuspected wrong—
“ Meet on the heath, beside the lonely tree—”

-
- ' So spake the foe : nor, parting, did he hide
 ' The mutter'd threat, nor glance of scorn behind.
' Too well my friend the glance of scorn descried ;
 ' And thus explored his own uncertain mind.
- " What shall I do ? Custom ! thy tyrant sway,
 " To laws of earth or heaven untaught to yield,
" And thine, whose nod the brave, the base, obey,
 " Ideal Honour ! urge me to the field.
- ' That field perchance consigns thee to the dead,'
 " Affection cries ; ' Forbear, forbear the strife.
' Think on thy childless mother's hoary head :
 ' Think on thy orphan babes, thy widow'd wife.'
- " Yes, throbs of Nature ! through my inmost soul
 " From nerve to nerve your strong vibrations
 " dart—
" Hark, Duty speaks—' Rebellious Pride control ;
 ' And bow to Heaven's behest the swelling heart '

- “ What though, be witness Heaven ! nor vengeful hate
“ Nor hostile rage within my bosom burn :
“ How can I guiltless tread the brink of fate,
“ And dare the gulf from whence is no return ?

“ Though from his breast who braves me to the fight,
“ ‘ Guarding my own, my sword aloof I wave ;
“ What praise, while yet against his lawless might
“ I stake the sacred trust my Maker gave ?

“ How mid assembled Angels shall I dare
“ For Judgement throned the Son of God to see :
“ Afraid for Him the sting of scorn to bear,
“ Who bore the sting of scorn and death for me * !

“ And is it then so deep a crime to die,
“ Shielding from taint my yet unspotted name ?—
“ Away, vain sophistry ! A Christian I,
“ And fear at Duty’s call to risk my fame ?
-

* See Mark, ch. viii. v. 38.

-
- “ Yet how, proud foe, thy cold insulting eye,
“ Shunning the offer’d combat, shall I face ?
“ Where hide my head, while Slander’s envious cry,
“ Roused at thy bidding, trumpets my disgrace ?

“ My native woodlands shall I seek, the sneer
“ Even in their shades on every brow to meet ?
“ Or haunt the town, in every wind to hear
“ ‘ There sculks the Coward,’ murmur through the
“ street ?

“ What, live to infamy, of fools the scorn,
“ The dastard’s butt, the by-word of the brave ?
“ No ; farewell Doubt ! ” — ‘ Beneath the waving thorn,
“ Go, learn his fate at yonder nameless grave.

“ Stranger ! If trials like to his are thine,
“ Hark to the voice, that whispers from his sod.
“ Shame dost thou dread ? The shame of Sin decline :
“ Talk’st thou of Valour ? Dare to fear thy God.”

E L E G Y

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

H 4

E L E G Y

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

MASON is dead!—From Aston's airy tow'r
The solemn warning vibrates down the vale.
Fame stood observant of his parting hour;
And all her hundred tongues proclaim the tale.

“ Now haste,” she cries, “ to yon funereal scene :
“ Prepare, ye sons of Poesy ! the verse ;
“ Round the dead Bard in crowded pomp convene,
“ And hang with tributary praise the hearse.”

-
- “ Long did his name my labouring trumpet fill ;
“ O'er many a realm the pealing echoes roll'd :
“ And long and loud the blast that yet shall thrill,
“ Ere the full triumphs of his muse be told.
- “ Ope then each fountain of poetic grief ;
“ Fulfil each rite by Time's sure stamp approv'd :
“ Chide med'cine's God, whose hand withheld relief ;
“ Chide the relentless Fates, by song unmov'd.
- “ Breathe chilling blight on each Parnassian glade ;
“ Call from their withering bowers th' Aonian
“ quire ;
- “ In fabler stole array the tragic maid ;
“ Let sad Thalia trail the inverted lyre.
- “ Beckon the Dryad from each rifted oak ;
“ From mountain dells be Oreads heard to sigh ;
“ From lake and stream the Naiad train convoke ;
“ From coral groves let Nereid plaints reply.

“ O’er man and brute the cloud of woe extend ;
“ Let sympathizing gods for MASON grieve :
“ His lyre, a new-born star, in Heav’n suspend ;
“ Let meads of Asphodel his shade receive.”

Hence, Pagan dreams ! I mourn a Christian dead :
Avaunt ! his Christian friend a Christian weeps :
Hence, fabled gods, of doubt and folly bred !
Here (’twas his loftiest praise) a Christian sleeps.

Shall the pale meteor, whose illusive light
Through fogs and darkness gleam’d on Gentile
eyes,
Survive the reign of antiquated night,
To claim the empire of meridian skies ?

Hence, Pagan dreams ! Too oft poetic youth
In Grecian robe hath stalk’d on British plains ;
With hackney’d fiction deck’d the song of truth,
And pranced with freedom’s air in classic chains.

O'er MASON's grave let nobler sorrows flow ;
O'er MASON's grave let nobler themes ascend :
Themes, that nor shame the head that rests below,
Nor him who mourns, but mourns in Hope, the
Friend.

Better, by Fancy if the robe be plann'd
That wraps the Poet in sepulchral state,
In British loom the purple woof expand,
With British hues the flowery verge dilate.

Yes, there are native flowers, to MASON dear,
By MASON nurs'd, that fairer tints might yield
Than those, the vaunted glory of the year,
Purloin'd from Latian or Achaian field,

Yes, with ideal honour's richest meed
The Bard, creative Fancy, would'ft thou grace ;
Unfurl thy eagle wing, to MONA speed,
Her haunted rocks, her wizard caverns trace.

Pierce the dread midnight of her holiest wood,
The unhewn fane, the living * sphere obtest;
Pause where of old the guileful Roman † stood,
And guilt and horror smote his iron breast.

There, on that turf, to sacred grief consign'd,
Beneath the central oak's mysterious shade,
Where pale in death Arviragus reclin'd,
Even on that turf be MASON's reliques laid.

Thither, from dens beneath, from cliffs above,
Let Druids, Bards, a forrowing throng, repair:
There let each dark-rob'd Priests of the grove
Whirl the red torch, and shake her streaming
hair.

* The rocking-stone.

† Aulus Didius.—See the first Scene of Caractacus.

Then let the frantic burst of woe rebound

In wildest symphony from every keep!

Then ring, ye "notes that Mona's Bards should
"sound;"

Then gush, ye "tears that Mona's Bards should
"weep *!"

Or, Fancy, seek in Harewood's shade the dell,

Where Edgar's falchion pierc'd the rival youth;

Where votive spires the fond memorial tell

Of widow'd anguish and connubial truth †.

The cloister pass, the aisle's meridian gloom,

The hallow'd portals of the choir uncloze,

Near God's high altar where, in marble tomb,

The bones of fainted Athelwold repose.

* See the Dirge sung over the dead body of Arviragus.—MASON'S Poems, vol. iii. p. 14.

† See the last Scene in *Elfrida*.

Mark where aloft the pitying Angel weeps ;
 Behold the speaking bust, the laurell'd urn :
 Then, by the tomb where Harewood's Chieftain
 sleeps,
 For Harewood's Bard a kindred tomb adorn.

There let the virgin train their sorrows blend ;
 There, as for Athelwold, Elfrida sigh ;
 And wrathful Orgar, as he mourn'd a friend,
 Veil the red lustre of his tearful eye.

Yet why to scenes of imitative grief
 Direct the wanderings of a troubled heart ?
 In vain would genuine sorrow court relief
 From gayest fictions of poetic art.

See Aston's fane her groaning valves expand,
 In fable woe receive her Pastor dead ;
 See round his bier, no mimic mourners, stand
 The friends he cherish'd, and the flock he fed.

Mark from its height the solemn organ breathe;
 'Twas his own hand that plac'd the music
 there:
Lift to the infant choir that chaunts beneath;
 'Twas his own task their early song to rear.

Behold the white-rob'd Minister of Heav'n
 (Such was he once!) the hallow'd rites begin;
Tell of the grave subdued, a Saviour giv'n,
 Life without end, and bliss unstain'd by sin.

Hark! Heard ye not the grating cords withdrawn?
 Then fought Mortality her last abode;
There waits the blush of that eternal dawn,
 Which "bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Hark! "Earth to earth—" The lifted spade behold
 With listening awe behold each face o'erspread!—
With sullen sound the emblematic mould
 Drops on the hollow mansion of the dead!

"Ashes to ashes"—Yet again the sound !
Accordant groans from every breast reply.
"Dust to—" In sobs the failing voice is drown'd :
The bursting sorrows stream from every eye.

Clos'd be the funeral scene ! On seraph wing
Let Hope the dead pursue to realms above ;
View him to meet his blest MARIA spring,
Nor fear the agonies of fever'd love.

For Hope was his, and Faith's celestial ray :
Faith could the gloom of fever'd love assuage ;
Brighten'd in manhood's golden prime the lay *,
And warm'd with holy flame the song of age †.

* See the Elegy on the Death of a Lady.

† See the Sonnets on the Anniversary of his Birth-Day 1795 and 1796. A third, on the Anniversary in the present year, (Feb. 23, 1797,) was communicated by him to some of his friends. The Author was then seventy-two.

His breast, of lawless anarchy the foe,
For Britain swell'd with Freedom's patriot zeal * ;
Nor thus confin'd, for every clime could glow,
And in a Slave's a Brother's wrongs could feel :

Could feel, o'er Afric's race when avarice spread
Her bloody wing, and shook in scorn the chain ;
While Justice, hand in hand by Mercy led,
To Christian senates cried, and cried in vain !

Now their new guest the sacred hosts include,
They who on earth with kindred lustre shone ;
Whom love of God to love of Man subdu'd,
Nor Pride nor Avarice fear'd the heart to
stone.

* See the Secular Ode on the Anniversary of the Revolution
1688.

There shall he join the Bards whose hallow'd aim
Sought from the dross of earth the soul to raise;
Disdain'd the meed of perishable fame,
And sunk the Poet's in the Christian's praise.

There 'mid empyreal light shall hail his GRAY;
There MILTON thron'd in peerless glory see;
The wreath that flames on THOMSON's brow survey;
The vacant crown that, COWPER, waits for thee.

E P I T A P H

ON THE

• *REV. WILLIAM MASON.*

Britain ! If strains that Greece had joy'd to own,
Strains that symphonious to the Druid's lyre,
While Freedom linger'd on her tottering throne,
Breathed through the soul the glow of patriot fire ;

Britain ! If strains like these can touch thy heart ;
Or lays that flow'd, when Taste, by Nature led,
O'er her wild beauties flung the grace of Art ;
Here duteous bend before thy Mason dead !

So, till from Heaven the knell of earth is rung.

Till the Last Flames thy sylvan pomp invade,

So mayst Thou guard the Liberty he sung,

So bloom thine Isle the Garden he pourtray'd !

Swell then from all thy realms thy Poet's praise—

Hark to the nobler praise that shakes the skies !

See Angel Myriads on his marble gaze :

Hear raptured Seraphs—"There a Christian lies !"

THE END.